



Psst.



Chaz

 [cvillette](#)

<https://cvillette.livejournal.com/2008-02-2113:57:00>

MOOD:  elevated

I can has txt from Tasha. Daphs, wall tonight?

Also, are you and T (and O., and not-Boy, and Duke if not busy) up for bheers tomorrow? We could invite Wonder Woman.



Three things!

1) Okay, O., She Wants Revenge = yes. It's like the Eighties rose up from the grave and came looking

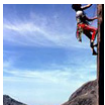
Experimental Whole Wheat Green Chile Robot Bread #1

Yes, baking with your hands is more fun. And the results have a better texture, and taste better.

[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

23 comments



 [trollcatz](#)

[February 21 2008, 19:29:46 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Indeed, I shall use my pitiful strenthness to keep you from falling on your nose at the gym tonight, yea verily. Thus producing more belay-based indebtedness, ooh, I'm compiling a *list!* *g*

And I am very pro-Friday-night-bheer; waiting for a callback from T., who is at present informing the minds of the young. (I did not make that up. She says that *all the time*.)

Yes, invite Wonder Woman! And not-Boy. Ohgawd, you know what Wonder Woman's sense of humor is like. Do we dare allow her and not-Boy to join forces? Mine is the fear.

Okay, why do my fingers keep talking like that?



 [trollcatz](#)

[February 21 2008, 20:14:24 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

And Duke! Yes, criminy, invite the cub reportr.

Mygawd, I sound like a pulp novel and think like a half-dead cactus today. Why, oh, why, don't Mom and

Dad just pile this paperwork on you and Duke and leave me to do what I do best, which is to drink coffee, eat cookies, and look encouraging when other people tell me about their work?




 [cvillette](#)

[February 21 2008, 20:15:16 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

...were you up late last night for some reason?



 [trollcatz](#)

[February 21 2008, 20:17:41 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

...

My father is a hypochondriac.

No, really.




 [cvillette](#)

[February 21 2008, 20:20:57 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Maybe I don't want you belying me tonight.

Did he really keep you up with imagined health complaints? We could have bheer tonight and climbing tomorrow, I bet.



 [trollcatz](#)

[February 21 2008, 20:24:27 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

He had heartburn in the middle of the night.

I know. It embarrasses me. If I'd gone ahead and got through med school, he'd probably believe me the first time I went through the symptoms and told him what it was.



 [cvillette](#)

[February 21 2008, 20:31:30 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

But you wouldn't have a gun to put to his head.


Look at the bright side: he is an extremely atypical middle-aged male in that he both anticipated the possibility that he might be critically ill--rather than minimizing--and did something about it, rather than attempting to cover it up. This increases the chances that if anything ever *does* happen, he will be alert to the fact, and call for help while help can still, er, help.



 [trollcatz](#)


[February 21 2008, 21:17:29 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

You are so full of excellent. Tank u. That makes me feel rather a lot better, actually. (I have NO perspective when it comes to my parental unit. sigh.)

 [cvillette](#)
[February 21 2008, 21:25:02 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Well, he should have trusted your medical opinion.


But also, with my profiler hat on, he was probably scared. And wanted reassurance. And maybe human contact. And was being a *typical* middle-aged male in that he couldn't figure out how to ask for those things.

 [trollcatz](#)
[February 22 2008, 02:10:14 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Yeah, that sounds like my dad. Because you're supposed to be too self-reliant and able to reason your way out of "scared" to admit any of that.


Which, of course, I didn't pick up *at all*.

I think with someone I grew up with, my head shrinks to kid-size and my profiler hat keeps falling off. But also, U R SMRT.

 [cvillette](#)
[February 22 2008, 02:28:37 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

It's fambly. They're not supposed to make sense.


And of course he can push your buttons. He *installed* them.

 [trollcatz](#)
[February 21 2008, 21:21:58 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


Re: gun

bwah-hah-hah!


Okay, I'm out of here. (Yes, I asked Mom first. *g*) See you on the deck, Gecko.

 [trollcatz](#)
[February 21 2008, 20:22:22 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I will be alert for the rope part, I promise. I'm sneaking off early and grabbing a nap before the gym. (Are my priorities maybe a little skewed? But I really couldn't sleep in this morning...)

 [cvillette](#)
[February 21 2008, 20:32:20 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


Oh boy. The entire not-a-unit is underslept. Nobody have a matter of life or death today, please?

 [ace_cub_reportr](#)

[February 21 2008, 20:15:19 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

My peelings weren't hurt.



 [trollcatz](#)

[February 21 2008, 20:15:59 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Because you've watched me knock things over and lose stuff right in front of me *all day*.




 [cvillette](#)

[February 21 2008, 20:14:32 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Low blood sugar?

Alien mind control?



 [trollcatz](#)

[February 21 2008, 20:18:38 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

As if. They wouldn't touch this mind with gloves on, trust me.



[Ometotchtli](#)

[February 21 2008, 19:31:29 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I bet I could have intercepted a text message. Why did I not think of that?



 [cvillette](#)

[February 21 2008, 19:32:30 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Because you're on the side of the *good guys*?



[Ometotchtli](#)

[February 21 2008, 19:33:02 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Oh, duh. Silly me!



 [trollcatz](#)

[February 21 2008, 21:19:04 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Hey! Teasing was yesterday!



[Ometotchtli](#)

[February 21 2008, 21:19:51 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

If I stop practicing, I'll never get to Carnegie Hall.

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